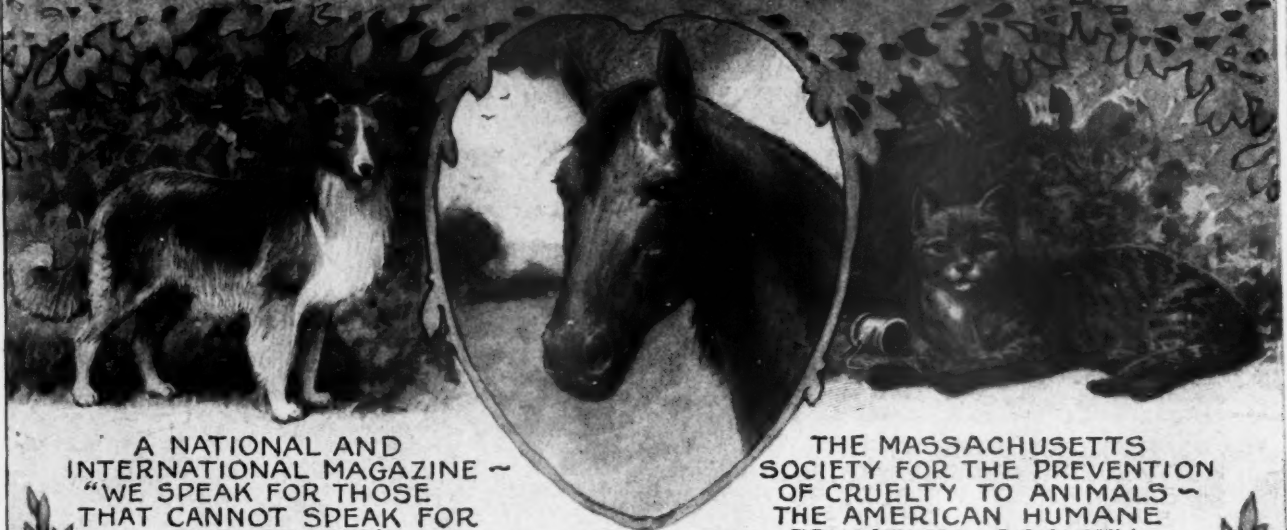


OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Vol. 46 No. 3

AUGUST, 1913

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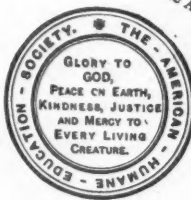
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I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners
and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—Cowper.



Vol. 46

Boston, August, 1913

No. 3

Tales of a Summer Evening

By CHARLES ELMER JENNEY, Fresno, California



HAVE an electric light at the corner of my house. These hot summer evenings I am able to sit outside and read and get the benefit of the capricious light breezes that blow across the garden. Night brings renewed freshness to the plants, and scents deadened by the heat of noonday come distinct and strong to the nostrils. The aroma of the mints and the perfume of the Maréchal Niel roses are pleasing and impressive; the wind, cooled by passing across the spray, refreshes; and the rustling of the leaves and the chime of the crickets rest the senses.

One's mind wanders often from the story or novel to the delights apparent all around. Life is certainly better than pictures of it, and more wonderful, too. Beetle and moth, attracted by the light, drop on my book and I glance up and see a fantastical maze of dancers around the incandescence. Here are those who can tell us more marvels than Grimm's Fairy Tales, if they will; more necromancy than the Arabian Nights ever knew. In fact, I wonder as I watch and know them better, if the stories of magic that thrill our younger days were not first suggested by the miracles of insect existence.

Listen to a few of the tales of my visitors and see if Hans Christian Andersen or Baron Munchausen ever exaggerated.

There is a buzzing like an approaching aeroplane and a burly beetle careens and carouses around my head, dashes against the side of the house several times with a noise that can be heard fifty feet away and finally stunned, drops to the ground, but revives and makes urgent effort to turn over, having fallen on his back. I pick him up and he emits curious protesting squeals. I have never heard a beetle talk before, so I promise to let him go, if he will tell me his story, and so the thousand and one nights begin.

His name is *Polyphylla decemlineata*, from which you might consider him of mixed Greek and Latin descent. He is an inch long, with seven white stripes along his back and some light cross bands beneath. There is a fine coat of reddish-brown fur on his breast. His head is protected in front by a large shield or visor with side openings for the little bead-like black eyes

to peer through. In emergency he can lower the visor so that the head is visible. A remarkable thing about him is the size of his antennae, which are large, strap-shaped mahogany-colored clubs.

He was born in the earth, a big, fat, whitish grubworm or larva with a yellow head. He did not do much but eat in this existence, there being a hill of potatoes handy, and some nice grass-roots. Then he transformed into a shell-encased, torpedo-shaped yellow pupa and did very little except bend the plates of his armor by trying to wag his tail. Then one night he turned into a beetle, crawled to the surface of the ground, dried off and tested his wings and flew. Tonight he had just a glance of a beautiful lady-beetle and was following her when he came within the zone of my light, was completely blinded by it, and flew against the house. I let him go.

In the meantime there have settled on the side of the house and on the walk numerous strange visitors with lace-work wings uplifted over a long slender body like a dragon-fly. Their shoulders are humped up and the tips of their tails raised, so that the body is bent in a curve. There are ring-like brown markings all along the slender rear end of them, but their most remarkable features are two long, thread-like appendages from their tail, much longer than all the rest of them. I question one of them. She is *Ephemeros*, the May-fly. She has but a day to live, which does not seem strange when you look at her delicacy and watch the blood pulsing within her transparent body. In her former state she was a lobster-like little nymph with fringed gills all along her body and she lived in an irrigation canal, feeding on water plants and the miniature animal life in the mud. Fifteen new suits of clothes she had in the two years of her life under water, and the last ones had such fine wings that she flew out and away. And tonight she dies. The ogre toad who waits beneath the rose-bush will perform the last obsequies.

Up overhead, across the zone of stars flaps a bat, in erratic course, pursuing small insects of the night. The "mouse of the air" is rarely seen in the daytime, but at evening he emerges from the thick protection of the eucalyptus trees where he has hung by his toes all day long. Down below, from oak-leaf geranium to the full-

blossomed crape myrtle flits another large form that might be another bat, except that the bats do not usually sweep so low. Now as it passes under the light we see that it is one of the largest of the night-flying moths,—a Sphinx moth, dressed in as sober a gray as the bats or mice to match the dusk. She seeks through life to avoid observation by selection of inconspicuous colors.

Her name is *Sphinx quinquemaculatus*, or the five-spotted Sphinx, on account of the five orange spots along each side of her back. Her tale is a strange one. Once on a time she was a big green tomato worm, three inches long with spotted segments and a horn on her tail. She lived and fed on the tomato plants, lying along their hispid branches and eating the leaves at a great rate. Owing to her protective coloring she escaped observation even when eyes were looking directly at her. When she had quite denuded the foliage of a large plant and arrived at a state of repletion she descended into the ground and entered into the long sleep of a pupa, remaining over winter. At this stage she seemed one-half worm and the other half a brown leaf with its long stem folded up near its apex. This long stem contained her tongue, probably the longest in proportion to her size of any creature.

Early this summer she emerged from her long subterranean nap, changed to a sober-hued, but attractive moth. Five inches from wing-tip to wing-tip she measures, being often called, from her size, a hawk-moth.

Her wings are of mottled grays with serrated zigzag black lines. Her antennae look like a pair of golf-sticks, and her remarkable tongue, coiled when not in use like a watch-spring, can be extended five or six inches into the tubular depths of trumpet-shaped flowers, gathering therefrom the nectar while she is still on the wing. No flower too deep for her flexible probe,—even the long-billed humming-bird yields the palm to her as an extractor of sweets. Night after night she flutters from one to another of those flowers that cast their fragrance on the night air. She is away, for she does not like even an artificial light.

The hour grows late and my senses drowsy, but still the maze of dancers flickers in concentric lines about the light. I shall fall asleep tonight before another story is begun. Tomorrow

night, perhaps, Acheta, the cricket, Anopheles, the mosquito, and Membracis, the tree-hopper, will tell us their stories.

I break the fine connection of film that brings me the light by waterfall and wire from the moonlight on the snows an hundred miles away, and the last sounds impressed on my dimming senses are the deafening pulsations of the crickets' chorus.

MY DOG'S FRIEND

By HORACE SEYMOUR KELLER

I ask no introduction to the man who stops to heed
The friendly wagging of the tail of my dumb friend;
indeed,

A chap who's clad in ragged garb may prove a better
than

The princely one in purple robes—a true-souled
gentleman.

So he's my friend, who'er he is, who on my dog
bestows

A gentle pat, a kindly word, both when he comes
and goes.

To him I gladly give the hand of friendship without
fear;

No stranger he beneath my roof, who shares my
dumb friend's cheer.

I'll trust in him, I'll welcome him, no matter who
he be;

For my dog never introduced a mean man unto me.
Thus, guarding honor and my purse, a servitor
whose tail

Says "yea," or "nay," my faithful dog has ne'er
been known to fail.

A VOICE FOR THE DOG

A mad dog does not rush!

A mad dog does not attack!

A mad dog does not froth at the mouth!

A mad dog will not fight back even when
cornered!

The symptoms usually described as those of
rabies are only those of a simple form of epilepsy
or nervous disorder and they are not contagious.

Hydrophobia is not caused by heat; epilepsy is.
Hydrophobia is only communicable by a bite;
epilepsy is not communicable at all. Dogs
suffering from hydrophobia do not froth at the
mouth; epileptics do.

The same author, and I refer to Dr. Wesley
Mills, says: "Discrimination lies between this
disease and epilepsy, or fits of various kinds,
arising from the heat of the sun as dogs run the
streets." Again he says: "Fear of water is a
pure hypothesis so far as the dog is concerned."

Let a poor little house dog, unaccustomed to
roughing it for himself, become nervously ex-
cited by the din of the street, or overheated on
a hot summer day, and some fool raises the cry
of mad dog and shies a brick. The dog runs
and that is enough. Men are but savages under
restraint and anything that runs must neces-
sarily be guilty, and soon a howling mob is in
pursuit and the dog is lucky indeed that escapes.

Every large city has a dog pound; hundreds
of men are employed as dog catchers. They are
frequently bitten. Did any one of them ever
have hydrophobia?

Hundreds of men in this country keep dog
kennels and raise dogs for sale; other hundreds
make a business of training dogs for field trials,
hunting and performing. They are frequently
bitten. Did any one of them ever have hydro-
phobia?

Give plenty of water. Give the dog a chance.

—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Morris Refuge Association of Phila-
delphia, in the last twenty-five years, has
handled 1,001,795 small animals, a large
number of which were dogs. Its super-
intendent informs us that, while its em-
ployees have all been bitten, often severely,
no serious results have followed.



PLEASE TAKE SPECIAL CARE OF US DURING DOG-DAYS

THE SEA CAPTAIN'S DOG

By EDITH M. RUSSELL



IT is a number of years since
the writer made the ac-
quaintance of "Major," a
Gordon setter, whose
kindly disposition and rare
intelligence place him in
the list of canine friends
never to be forgotten.

Major had his peculi-
arities. He was strangely
undemonstrative during the daytime; seldom
wagged his tail to express his pleasure, and
spent much time in sleep, quite indifferent to
what was going on around him. But when night
came his whole manner changed. He became
alert, and the mere act of picking up a hat or coat
by any member of the family, or even a guest,
was sufficient signal for him to act as escort.

The member of the home to whom the dog
gave the deepest devotion was the head of the
household, a sea captain of over eighty years,
who still took short voyages in his schooner.
Remarkable indeed was the intelligence that
Major displayed in his knowledge of his master's
whereabouts. When the schooner was away
Major would lie about the house dozing between
meal-times. Suddenly he would rouse and leave
the house, sometimes remaining away for several
hours. It was observed that he never returned
alone, but marched proudly beside the old
captain, who always carried a hamper and
supported himself with a stick.

The schooner had no regular days for sailing
for home, as it depended upon fine weather for
its trips, so that Major could not reckon the
day of home-coming by any regular intervals of
time, and the water was not visible from the
house, so that there was no possibility of the
dog seeing the schooner as it rounded the point
that brought it into the harbor.

How Major always knew the day that his
aged master would return is a mystery, the only
solution of which seems to be that telepathy may
exist between man and an animal with a highly
developed intelligence. Certainly the sympathy
between these two was sufficiently strong to
admit of this strange form of communication.

That Major's actions always foretold true was
never doubted by the family, and often the dog's
eagerness to be off led them to put an extra plate
on the table in happy anticipation of the old
master's safe arrival home.

"One all-extending, all-preserving Soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least;
Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast;
All served, all serving; nothing stands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown."

TRIXIE—DOG OF MYSTERY

By H. H. JACOBS

TRIXIE is a dog with a past, and because
we cannot solve the mystery of that
past, we have been rather helpless in
befriending him. Two years ago, after
a very severe storm, Trixie came to a house in
Kansas City, Kansas, and scratched at the
door. He was admitted, warmed and fed. The
family could not keep him and asked that a
home be found for him. This was easily done,
for he is a very desirable dog.

There were no children in this home, and it
was noticed that Trixie was always interested in
the children that passed. They often stopped to
speak to him. He would look keenly into every
little face and, apparently not finding the face
that he wanted to see, he would seem to be tired
of them and begin looking off down the street.

One night in the spring, when the windows
were open, he jumped out and ran away. He
was gone for several hours, and then came back.
He did this at every opportunity. It was learned
that he went to a certain corner, where a street
car stopped, got on and made the trip out and
back again to the same corner. He leaves his
home sometimes for two or three days and comes
back very tired. Strangely enough he is not
gloomy, does not seem really to grieve, but he
has surely lost some one that he is searching for
all the time.

We have tried newspaper stories, hoping to
reach his people, and our humane officer carries
his picture, often showing it and telling his
story, but we do not learn anything. He has a
peculiar way of beginning to show little tricks
that he has been taught by his lost people and
then checking himself, as if his new friends had
no right to see them. If we only might learn a
little better to understand these homeless dogs,
to come a little nearer to their lives, how much
more we could help them!

S. S. PERSIAN RESCUES DOG

On a recent trip from Philadelphia to Boston,
the steamer Persian of the Merchants and Miners
Line was brought to a full stop by the order of
her captain, while a small dog, which the sharp
eyes of Captain Pace had sighted struggling and
bobbing on the crests of the waves, was picked
up and taken on board.

The first assistant engineer was lowered to the
water's edge by a rope where he could reach the
dog, and then the two were drawn up on deck.
First aid to the drowning dog was administered
by the stewardess, and under her energetic treat-
ment the little fellow was quickly revived. It
was a humane and gallant act on the part of the
captain and engineer. The dog has been adopted
by the crew of the Persian as the ship's mascot.

TO AN ORIOLE

By TIMOTHY C. MURPHY

[While in the naval service, during a visit to Trieste, Austria, I spent many pleasant hours on the grounds of Miramar Castle, the former home of that ill-fated aspirant to imperial honors in Mexico, Maximilian, brother to the present Emperor of Austria. The castle and grounds are maintained in perpetual care by the crown, and the beautiful gardens and woodlands harbor many varieties of song birds, one of which is almost a counterpart of our own Baltimore oriole. A very fine specimen of the latter, who frequents a tall elm-tree near my home, inspired the recollections of his alien cousins at Miramar. T. C. M.]

Oriole, lord of my elm-tree tall,
Thanks for your song today,
The music sweet from thy dainty throat
Has waked in my heart an answering note,
A song of the far away.

The charm of the Austrian Tyrol land,
In summer garments rare,
Lays siege to heart and mind once more,
Where Miramar castle towered o'er
The wondrous gardens fair.

And there while gentle breezes blow
Fragrant of flower and pine,
The feathered folk around me sing,
With flash of gold and whirring wing
Of just such form as thine.

I watch again their happy flight,
And catch each golden tone,
In sylvan symphonies complete,
That, borne to me on memory sweet,
Seem echoes of thine own.

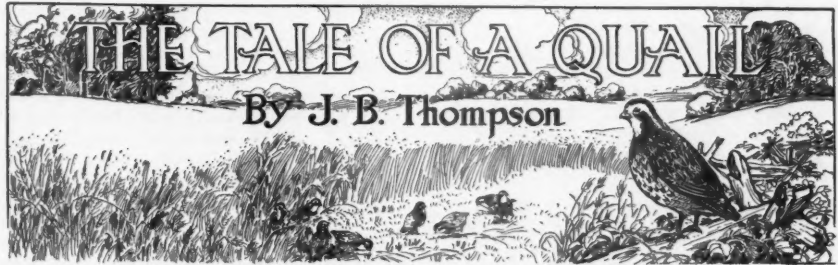
Then praise be to the loving hand
That giveth thy sweet strain,
And guides thy flight to me at last,
Where memories of the happy past
Are wakened once again.

Oriole, lord of my elm-tree tall,
Thanks for your song today,
The music sweet from thy dainty throat
Has waked in my heart an answering note,
A song of the far away.



BOMBITA AND CAPITO

Belonging respectively to Sir Oswald de Guerrero, editor of *El Cuarto Poder*, and to Capt. Ben F. Clark, an English teacher, Havana.



II. Youth

FOR a moment my white-throated friend subsided as he awaited the effect of his story, and also to attend to what comments I might offer.

Not being devoid of tenderness while considering the misfortunes of wild creatures, I could not refrain from expressing my sympathy.

"Was that the only time you have suffered so much from winter?" I asked, after directing a phrase of commiseration.

"Yes, that is, such a great loss. But it is my opinion that every severe winter, in the intensely farmed districts, more are destroyed by the elements than by the army of inexorable gunners."

"No doubt that is true!" I assented, and remarked, "A moment ago, I think you said something about the pump and automatic shot-guns?"

He drooped his head, for an instant obliterating his beautiful white mark, and pondered. Gradually he brought his head erect, until the lovely white was visible once more.

"Well! well!" he exclaimed somewhat jocularly. "It isn't so much the gun, as the man behind it, and the temptation which the weapon incites. I won't ask you if you have ever been out with a pump-gun enthusiast. Some of them are real modest in their execution; but others seem imbued with but one idea, and that is, to see how many they can drop out of a covey. Occasionally they kill one, but more often three and five. What's the difference to them?"

"Let me assume the position of a sportsman speaking from the standpoint of economical preservation of game. In the majority of instances the first two birds are killed within range, and the other three, except at rare intervals, are hit out of killing range. They are only wounded—to die eventually a sacrifice to the greed of that gunner."

"This is not always the case, however, sometimes they miss and sometimes they kill five. But the wounded are so much in excess, that it is worthy of note. Now, should you doubt this, follow Jenkins in the fields after a crowd of pump-gun wielders have gone hunting for quails. It will surprise you to discover how many cripples and dead he will gather up."

"Yes," I agreed, and finally protested in defense of modern inventions in the way of firearms. "There's the law of limits."

"Well, of all the dumb ones! What good does the law of limits have for the hit ones that get away, only to die?"

"But," I offered as a reverse plea for my favorite gun, "the older class of hunters who now shoot the automatics, assert that the recoil does not jar them, as with the double gun. And—" I hesitated, preparing another argument, "it would be unfair to take such a gun away from them."

"If that is all you have to say in defense," he exploded contemptuously, "let them keep their automatics and pumps, but apply your limit law to the contents of the magazine."

He ceased speaking abruptly.

Still interested, I asked him to continue.

"No!" he refused. "If I said more, you would class me as a paid representative of some single-barrel gun company."

On account of his natural dislike to speak further about firearms, I purposely shifted our discourse. I was aware that he had better grounds for his theories than I. So seeking another entry into his good graces, I begged, flattered, and, eventually, by deftly hinting at the great interest a narrative of his life would have for me, I led him to narrate.

"Your question brings me back to the earliest part of my existence. I was associated with a host of little, brown, fuzzy creatures, scarcely larger than a bumblebee, and infinitely more restless. Some had affixed to them a piece of what I afterward learned to be an egg-shell. I thought this was ludicrous, until I glanced at my back and saw that I also was similarly decorated."

"Somehow, the past had no interest for me, for I had none, and I only perceived that I was in a patch of weeds close to a field of wheat. In the glare of the sun that penetrated openings in the densely shaded growths, I observed seventeen more little fellows, and was given to understand they were my sisters and brothers. But until the first cooling breeze of Indian summer marked our throats differently, I was aware of no distinction in sex."

"Invariably near us was Mother, and how proudly she regarded her little ones! This is the dearest remembrance I have. At her first alluring call we fought for the shelter of her outstretched wings, and the warming contact of her plump, round body. Her voice was soft, plaintive and instructive. Each intonation had its significance. It warned us of the swoop of the hawks or the nearness of predatory animals. 'Cheet! Cheet! Cheet!' rapidly uttered, betrayed the presence of the dangerous, self-hunting dog. Then, mother, at the risk of her life, simulating inability of flight, ran with her wing trailing, and drew the malefactor away from us. Then she rose in flight, and with a single exclamation brought us tremblingly to her side."

"So enraptured have I been with the memory of mother and that of my brothers and sisters, that I have omitted mentioning our gallant leader, Father. I can, without strain, picture him even now in my mind, handsome, dignified and solicitous. He was the one that selected our feeding grounds, and led us to the fields of golden grain. He was the embodiment of resourcefulness as he guarded against the snares of our enemies. We reckoned him as our hero, for his every-day behavior proved that the appellation was not misapplied."

"His battle with the black-snake was enough to affix the title permanently."

"One morning while the family was sunning in recently cut clover, I wandered a few yards away from the covey. Father, as usual, was on guard some distance off in the field. Suddenly in a narrow path I discovered a long, black, sleek form. I had been warned of its enmity toward our race. It was the first I had ever seen. I



Photograph from Audubon Society

HUDDLED TOGETHER FOR SAFETY

turned and ran back to Mother. The form glided swiftly after me. Mother was cognizant of him. She stared at him—a trifle too fixedly, I thought, as he stopped and noiselessly swayed his ebony-glistening head from side to side. I listened apprehensively for the alarm call, but it was not forthcoming. The swaying of the black head continued sinisterly, two beady, ravening eyes flashed darkened fire. Mother was speechless, fascinated to the point of incapacitation by every movement of the agile serpent. "Almost imperceptibly gaining distance, he advanced slowly toward her. Presently, when he was almost within reach of her and prepared to strike, she threw off the yoke and 'peeped' the alarm signal.

"With astonishing celerity Father dashed truculently into view. At the first sight of the reptile he flung himself on him. He smote him many times with his wings and beak, full in the face. The rapidity of the attack and its very unexpectedness repulsed the loathsome creature.

"At the heroic spectacle Mother cast off the inhibitive influence, and hurrying us with her soft cooing call, she placed us in security. But short time elapsed until Father arrived. We ran to him, congratulated him and, while he was adjusting a few disturbed feathers, we voiced our gratitude at his opportune interference.

"Frequently at noon we reposed along the dusty roads. Occasionally adjacent to our dust baths raced a small brook, which brawled incessantly as it coursed over rough boulders. At this spot I thought the sound of Mother's voice the sweetest, as it mingled with the chatter of the water. They told us of their marital adventures; how Father fought for her hand against militant suitors; his victory and her acquiescence; and the troubles incurred through the mating season. Then arrived the nesting period. Her first nest was destroyed by man's noisy mower. Undeterred she began again, when a stupid land terrapin drove her from her store of ten beautiful white eggs reposing in her nest, in a density of lespezeza.

"She recounted her mortification over her useless combat against the hard-shelled beast, and her tears, as she witnessed the destruction of her eggs, were many. Again she resumed the task. But this time only two eggs were laid, and a self-hunting bird-dog drove her from her duties. Finally she and Father conferred, and a decision was arrived at. They chose a neglected part of the farm where ragweed, saw brier and other vines interwovenly struggled for pre-

cedence. Despite repeated failures the promptings of the season were irresistible. Here we were at last, the results of their wise determination.

"Our first year did not elapse without a fatality. We lost two of our family—not from the effects of sportsmen's guns.

"One evening, as we were flying hastily to roost, and encouraged by the proximity of a circling owl, one of our number, a handsome white-throat, pitched against a low hanging telephone wire. There was a whanging sound, a thud on the hard road, and Brother was dead. The same fate was encountered by another, this time a strand of barbed wire pierced his brain."

(To be continued)

THE BEST WORKER

What the birds are to the trees the toads are to the growing vegetables. The former work by day and the latter by night. The toad that makes his summer residence in your garden is indeed worth his weight in gold. He has an appetite that seems never to be appeased. The number of beetles, flies, cut-worms, caterpillars, etc., that he consumes every twenty-four hours is astonishing. He is quiet, industrious, always beneficial, never injurious. Let no harm befall him!

NO CRUELTY IN PRODUCTION OF OSTRICH FEATHERS

By F. W. FITZSIMONS, Hon. Secretary Port Elizabeth and District S. P. C. A., Cape Colony, Africa



FROM countries other than South Africa come reports that the opinion is widespread that the production of ostrich feathers entails a considerable amount of cruelty to the birds. Attempts were even made to get

ostrich feathers included in the bill for the prohibition of the importation of the plumage of wild birds into the United States. I desire to most emphatically state there is no cruelty attached to the production of ostrich feathers. The birds are driven into a small enclosure and are caught one at a time. A sort of stocking is dropped over the ostrich's head when the creature at once becomes docile.

The plumes both of the tail and wings are snipped off with special clippers, the stumps of the quills being left in the sockets. These after a time shrivel naturally and so all sensibility is lost; some drop out and the rest are removed without the rupture of a single blood vessel. The whole process is absolutely painless—as much so as cutting one's finger nails in the usual manner.

No farmer would be stupid enough to actually pull out the plumes for the reason that in so doing the cells within the socket, which build the substance of the feather, are more or less seriously damaged, causing the next and all succeeding crops of feathers to be inferior. Every farmer knows that the value of each ostrich is in proportion to the excellence of the feathers and that market prices for these plumes are graded according to quality, therefore the most brutal of ostrich farmers would never resort to plucking the feathers from the birds. The ostrich feather industry provides a living for millions of people directly and indirectly and my Society considers that it is the duty of every S. P. C. A. to do its very best to educate public opinion on this matter.

THE MUSIC OF THE MORNING

By GEORGE BIRDSEYE

O, the music of the morning, when the sun has climbed the hill,
And the hidden choirs a greeting give from out the singing leaves!

Hear the lowing of the cattle and the farm-yard never still,

And the cooing of the pigeons from the overhanging eaves!

See the day-delighted robin with a cherry in his bill,
How he turns his head to sideways with a cunning little leer;

Then he drops the pilfered dainty just as if he'd had his fill,

While his song of satisfaction—O, it does one good to hear!

There's the ever-restless chipmunk—how he skips from rail to rail!

You can only catch a glimpse of him before he is away:

He will give a quirk so quickly with his queer long bushy tail,

Then he's "lost to sight, to memory dear," look for him as you may.

Here's a host of merry children now come winding thro' the lane;

How their happy faces glisten—how their laughter fills the air!

Just to see them in their innocence, it makes us young again.

For the past no vain regretting, for the future not a care.

O, the morning, happy morning, when the beautiful awakes,

That life and love and strength renewed to all the world can bring!

O, Life's morning—happy childhood that of good alone partakes,

And that tunes the golden harp to which in after years we sing!

A BIRD WITH FOUR LEGS

British Guiana boasts of one of the few survivors of the many peculiar birds now known mostly as fossils. This is the crested hoactzin, and may be found only in very dense and unexplored forests. The hoactzin is noted chiefly for its peculiarity in possessing four well-developed legs. This would never be suspected in the adult bird, inasmuch as a certain modification begins while the bird is yet young whereby the claw-like legs or hands become shaped like wings, and feathers are grown, so that when this bird gets its full plumage there is nothing left from which one would suspect that these wings were once legs. The young birds, before this modification does take place, leave the nest and climb or scramble over the limbs not unlike tree-toads or young monkeys. They feed on the young arum leaves, and are in this young state the nearest approach to a quadruped of any bird.

THE TEAMSTER AND THE SPARROW

At the request of an out-of-town subscriber, we are pleased to republish the following anecdote, from the *Boston Evening Record* of May 27:

A tiny sparrow, just learning to fly, came to grief yesterday, on India street, in front of the Chamber of Commerce, and was suffering considerably when picked up by two burly teamsters. It appears that the bird's legs became entangled in a piece of string that formed part of the nest in a concealed nook in an old building in the neighborhood. When the bird started to fly it was prevented from doing so by the string, and fell heavily to the sidewalk. When the teamsters came along it was struggling to free its legs.

One of the teamsters picked up the tiny mite, carefully caressed it, and untied the string. He then tossed the bird into the air, and in an instant it flew onto one of the eaves of the Chamber of Commerce and basked in the warm sun.

More About the Pigeon Fancy

By E. R. B. CHAPMAN

THE pigeon fancy is now indulged and enjoyed in almost all countries. It arises from that natural love, which is common to all men, for the most beautiful forms of winged life in the wide world of nature.

We may trace this fancy back to the palmy days of the Roman Empire and even into the land of the Pharaohs. But in those olden days, it should be borne in mind, pigeon raising was exclusively the sport and occupation of royalty. In Egypt and Morocco and Arabia only the sheiks were allowed to keep birds, and so even down to a much later day the rearing of pigeons was forbidden in France to all except the nobility and they were allowed the privilege only by royal sufferance.

Today the fancy is made up of all classes and ages. Old men and young ones, and boys and girls find pleasure and profit in it, and some of the most beautiful of today's birds are the product of women's skill.

We have previously written, for the readers of *Our Dumb Animals*, of the strong fascination which pigeon keeping has for the boys and of the benefits that it will bring them. I write, at this time, only to call attention to a few facts relating to methods and results of American pigeon breeding.

The American truly loves the pigeon. He wishes, moreover, to own all the varieties, and it is right here where he makes his greatest mistake. Today is the day of specializing—concentration of effort. My advice is to keep a few top-notchers of one particular kind, and so match them that they will produce better.

America as yet has not produced one variety

Elmer R. B. Chapman of Stoneham, Massachusetts, is president of the American Frillback Club, secretary of the New England Pigeon Association, and a writer of acknowledged authority upon all matters relating to the pigeon fancy. He is the author of "Practical Hint Series," "Blackboard Talks," and other publications.



THE KING OF DOOS—SCOTTISH POUTER

that it can call its own. We in the pigeon fancy have been a body of imitators. What a field is open to all who are privileged to keep pigeons at the present day! What an opportunity is now ours!

Why can not we produce a breed distinctly our own? In the poultry fancy we have given to the world the Plymouth Rock, the Wyandotte, the Rhode Island Red, and numerous other useful and fancy breeds, and I am confident that it will not be long before we shall hear of a distinct American breed of pigeons.

There were bred and banded by American Pigeon Club members in 1912, according to the records, 36,000 fancy pigeons, and it is safe to say that more than twice as many were bred which were not banded. Of these 100,000 pigeons only a few, comparatively, were prize winners, showing that the birds were mismarked and not true to type. The results of the year would indicate clearly that good all-round specimens, fit to exhibit in close competition, were greatly in

the minority and that breeders are not following the best methods to obtain the most perfect bird.

The mismating of one season often destroys the work that has gone before. It may not show the first season but may crop out in the second or third season thereafter.

To become a successful fancier of high class fancy pigeons, there must be a natural love of the birds, a love for form (type), and an appreciation of beautiful color. Add to these a fair share of patience and common-sense, and you have the formula necessary to make a successful fancier.

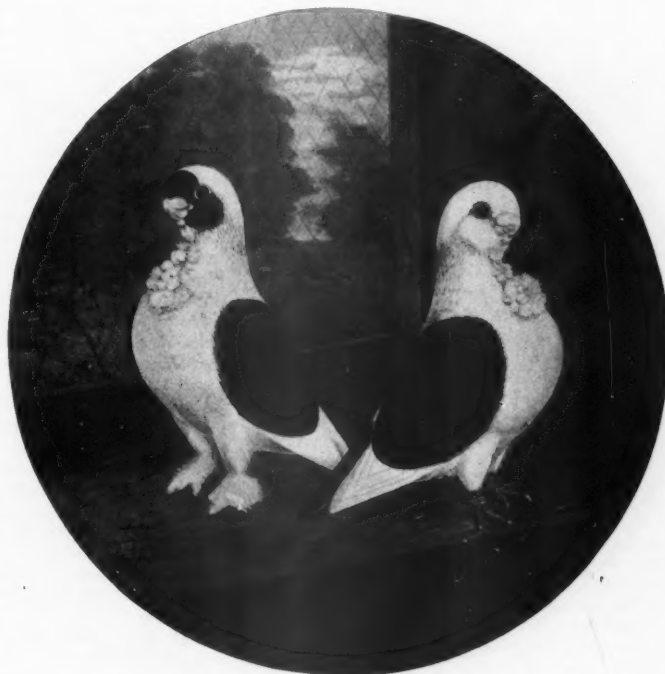
The fancy today is in a most flourishing condition. The number engaged in it is steadily upon the increase. The breeding of fancy pigeons is as much a fine art as the production of a beautiful picture. It is, in reality, the production of living pictures, beautiful in form and exquisite in color.

Live pigeon shooting was stopped by law in Massachusetts in 1879. The Massachusetts S. P. C. A., which prosecuted pigeon shooters for cruelty, was largely instrumental in obtaining the law. The clay or inanimate pigeon was used thereafter, and thus a bloodless, harmless sport was substituted for a cruel practice.

THE HOMING INSTINCT

Loosed from strange hands into the wet wild night,
Straight to his home the carrier-dove returns:
The faithful love that in his bosom burns
Is as a lamp to guide his lonely flight:
He lingers not where sheltering boughs invite,
Nor backward from the gathering tempest turns,
Till far off in the distance he discerns
At the known casement the familiar light.

JOHN BARLAS ("Evelyn Douglas").



A PAIR OF ORIENTAL FRILLS

HOW THE ERMINE IS CAUGHT

"The Cruelties of Trapping," is a ten-page pamphlet, published by the American Humane Education Society, which tells the cost of furs in torture and death. As an illustration of how the white ermine is caught, the following conversation between a fur dealer and a prospective buyer is taken from the New York Tribune:

"This stole of imperial ermine is worth \$1000," said the dealer. 'Just consider how the animals comprised in it were caught!

"In the first place, they were caught in a winter of extreme cold, for it is only in such a winter that the weasel or ermine turns from tawny to snow white. In normal winters the ermine turns only to a greenish white—like this \$400 greenish-white stole here.

"In the second place, the ermines were caught young, for when fully developed their coats are coarse and stiff—as in this \$250 stole—and to catch them young the tongue trap must be used. Any other trap would tear the delicate fur.

"The tongue trap is a knife—an ordinary hunting-knife—smeared with grease, that the hunter lays in the snow. The little ermine sees the blade, which it mistakes for ice. Ice it loves to lick—and so it licks the knife-blade and is caught fast, its tongue in that zero weather frozen to the steel.

"Yes, sir, when you see a stole like this, don't begrudge a good price for it, for every ermine in it was tongue-trapped in sub-zero weather—mighty slow and painful hand process."

Our Dumb Animals

Founded by GEO. T. ANGELL in 1868

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President,
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

Boston, August, 1913

FOR TERMS see last pages, where our report of all remittances is published each month.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles, with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS of prose and verse relating to animals are solicited, and authors are invited to correspond with the EDITOR, 45 Milk Street, Boston.

GIRDLING THE GLOBE WITH BONFIRES

It can be done,—done in the name of all the humane societies of the world. It is going to be done by Englishmen in celebration of "Empire Day." Three years ago a club was established by the founder of the London *Daily Mail*. Its purpose is to deepen, on the part of the subjects of Great Britain over the entire earth, love for, faith in, and devotion to, the Empire. In five months this club had 15,000 members. Now it has more than 100,000. This year members of this club scattered far and wide are to kindle, on Empire Day, a chain of bonfires that will encircle the world. As night approaches in New Zealand the bonfires there will be lighted. A little later in China, Burma, India, Ceylon, other English hands will apply the torch. On and on across Africa, Europe, the West Indies, Canada, the flames will leap into the air. The circle will be complete.

Why should not the humane societies of the world follow this example in celebrating a day to be known as "Humanity Day," or by some such name? In every country of the globe there are humane organizations. *Our Dumb Animals* goes to nearly all of them. When their officers, or other interested people in other lands and in this land, read these words, if they will write to us saying that when the time comes and all are notified, they will join in the movement, we will preserve all these responses, plan for the day, and send them definite word as to the hour when their bonfire is to be lighted.

This is perfectly feasible. The expense of the entire plan will be trivial as the columns of *Our Dumb Animals* furnish an almost ideal medium of communication. These fires kindled on hill-tops, where possible, and burning across the world on a given night, would girdle the globe with a plea for justice, kindness, humanity toward all that lives—our fellow-men and the whole animal creation—that would awaken millions to the meaning and worth of the holy plea. It may take a year, two years, to perfect the plan. Meanwhile the knowledge of it would be spreading. Who will join us in arranging for the celebration of "Humanity Day?"

F.H.R.

NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY

It was the genial humorist, Mark Twain, who said, in his last literary effort, when giving some advice to a friend about what he should do when he came to the gate St. Peter is supposed to keep: "Leave your dog outside. Heaven goes by favor. If it went by merit you would stop outside and the dog would go in." No man, however, who knows his dog and knows himself will fail to find in these amusing words something more than a sense of humor.

F.H.R.

THE DIVIDING HOUSE

Lincoln's celebrated contention that a nation could not long endure half slave and half free was vindicated by history. This nation at last became free. The house ceased to be divided against itself and did not fall. At least our fathers believed that when the long civil strife was over, when the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments had been added to the Constitution, that, henceforth forever this government was pledged to the just and fair treatment of all its citizens irrespective of "race, color, or previous condition of servitude." They thought they knew what a free country meant. They imagined that by their sacrifices of treasure and of blood they had made this country free.

What is constitutional or unconstitutional, what may or may not be law by decision of courts and judges, is not our question now. This is our contention—that any country that has two ways of treating its citizens according as they happen to be white or black is unworthy the name of a free republic. The government that can demand of me and of my colored neighbor that in the hour of national peril we both lay down our lives in its defense, is itself in slavery to some master, or is dead to all sense of honor, unless it accords us both the same rights, privileges, immunities as citizens. "Jim Crow" cars for him, Pullman sleepers for me; second tables for him, first tables for me; a protected path to the ballot-box for me, and a path blocked and barred by fraud and terror for him;—whatever the law that makes possible this different treatment on the ground of the difference in color between his skin and mine, we appeal from now and always to that higher law founded in the eternal justice of God.

To such wrongs as are heaped upon the colored citizens of the United States in many parts of our country white men would not submit an hour. The day must come when black men will refuse to be defrauded longer of their rights. They too are coming to their own as self-respecting men. Eleven millions today, twenty millions soon—what of that not distant hour when they will do exactly what you and I, my white fellow-citizens, would do, were we in their places? The house once more is dividing against itself.

F.H.R.

BUY HIM A NET

As the fly season is upon us we say this additional word for the horse. The fly has the capacity, when he undertakes the job, to worry the life out of man and beast. A thin-skinned horse can be fretted into dangerous exasperation in a few minutes by even a single fly. Now and then some variety of this pest will fasten itself on a horse and sting like a red-hot needle. The net is a great protection. It saves the horse and makes driving far pleasanter for the driver. A net would have prevented many runaways where in fighting flies the tail has caught and held the rein. When driving through woods or places where flies and little insects attack the ears and face of your horse, break off a few small pieces of twigs with green leaves on them and fasten in the bridle so they will protect the face, ears and neck.

The old-fashioned straw hat setting down close to the head should be discarded. Either some sort of canopy cover, allowing free circulation of air underneath it, or a sponge kept wet, or else nothing at all. Leave on the foretop as nature designed you should, treat your horse when he is compelled to work in the hot sun as you would like to be treated were you in his place, and you needn't worry about his being sunstruck.

F.H.R.

THE HORSE'S VACATION

Thanks to good friends of the Society several very tired and foot-sore horses are having a two weeks' vacation out at the Weld Farm. This is one of the best places near Boston for such an outing. The horses are brought up at night, fed hay and grain evening and morning, and through the day have the luxury of the pasture. Their feet are carefully looked after, and they return to their owners not only having had the benefit of rest and grass, but by proper feeding are improved in flesh and strength. To each contributor we have sent a description of the horse his money has provided for and the circumstances of its owner.

F.H.R.

OUR COUNSELOR

Howard University of Washington, D. C., has recently conferred the degree of LL.D. upon our distinguished counselor, the Hon. Albert E. Pillsbury. In recognizing Mr. Pillsbury's exceptional standing in the legal world, the high ground he has always taken as an advocate of the rights of American citizenship irrespective of race or color, and the courage with which his convictions have been uttered, Howard University has done honor to itself. For years Mr. Pillsbury has given our Societies gratuitously the benefit of his splendid legal counsel which we deeply appreciate. No honorary degrees could enhance our esteem for him.

F.H.R.

IN A KANSAS HIGH SCHOOL

We saw the following in an eastern paper some time ago, and, knowing how such a practice would be regarded in the East, doubted it and wrote to know the facts: "Dr. A. M. Morrow of this place (Garfield, Kansas), performed a surgical operation on a dog at the high school in order to give a demonstration of the heart action. In cutting into the animal it was found to have a bad case of appendicitis. The appendix was successfully removed, but the case was such a bad one that the animal could not have survived the operation; so an additional anesthetic was administered and the animal was sacrificed in the progress of the demonstration originally intended."

Alas! the superintendent of the Garfield schools replies to our enquiry: "Yes, the statement about Dr. Morrow's operation on the dog is true."

Such practices before pupils in our public schools deserve only the severest condemnation. They blunt the finer sensibilities of the soul of childhood and youth and deaden the ear to the pleas for kindness and a large humanity. This whole demonstration could as well have been done, and better even, by colored charts or manikins. What thoughtful parent would want his young daughter or son to witness such operations, or trained to stain their hands with the life-blood of fellow-creatures as they searched among the quivering entrails and vital organs of some sentient animal like the dog?

Thank God, some states have left this barbarous feature of what thinks itself scientific education far in the past. This is our Massachusetts law:

Section 21. No person shall, in the presence of a pupil in any public school or of a minor there present, practise vivisection, or exhibit an animal which has been vivisected. Dissection of dead animals or of any portions thereof in the public schools shall be confined to the class room and to the presence of pupils engaged in the study to be illustrated thereby and shall in no case be for the purpose of exhibition. Whoever violates the provisions of this section shall be punished by a fine of not less than ten nor more than fifty dollars.

F.H.R.

Self-Denial Week for the Memorial Animals' Hospital, October 1-7



Offices, 45 Milk Street, Boston
 Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868
 DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President;
 HON. HENRY B. HILL, Treasurer;
 HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor;
 EBEN. SHUTE, Assistant Treasurer;
 GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.
 Telephone (Complaints, Ambulance, etc.) Fort Hill 2640

MONTHLY REPORT

Animals examined	4225
Number of prosecutions	45
Number of convictions	41
Horses taken from work	154
Horses painlessly destroyed	84
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals examined	21,323
Cattle and swine painlessly destroyed	31

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has received gifts of \$50 from Mrs. Francis Skinner; \$49 from Mrs. W. B. H. Dowse for the horse's vacation fund; \$25 each from "a friend," Massachusetts Breweries Company, and Mrs. W. G. Nims for summer work; and \$20 from Jerome Jones. The Society has been remembered in the will of William Ward Rhoades of Boston.

The American Humane Education Society has received \$373.88 from the estate of Elizabeth F. Noble, \$300 from "three friends," \$100 from "Mrs. G. W. W.," and \$78.85 from Miss Mary C. Yarrow.

Boston, July 16, 1913.

REMEMBER THE WEEK

October 1-7 is to be Self-Denial Week. Every penny resulting is to go for our Angell Memorial Hospital for animals, which is also to be the headquarters for both our Societies. We pray each reader of *Our Dumb Animals*, whether a member of the Societies or not, to join with us in this worthy undertaking. We urge it upon all our Bands of Mercy. A few cents from multitudes, a dollar or more from many who have the means and the heart to aid us, and the total will add a splendid increase to our funds. Won't you, in memory of Mr. Angell, or of some faithful animal friend, or for the sake of our cause, practise a little self-denial that week, and send us the fruit of it? The smallest gift will be gratefully received. F.H.R.

A FREE DISPENSARY FOR ANIMALS

A Free Dispensary for Animals is to be opened at once by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. This will meet a partial need while the Angell Memorial Animals' Hospital is being built. The purpose of the Dispensary is to provide a place where horses and other animals may be treated, as people are treated at the "out-patient" department of an ordinary hospital. There are many men and women who never call a veterinarian because they are unable to meet the expense involved.

The Dispensary will be open from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Competent veterinarians will be in attendance morning and afternoon. To this

place any may bring their sick or injured animals, have an examination made, treatment given upon the spot when necessary, receive advice and a prescription for future use. This will be entirely without charge.

Negotiations are being made for a proper location, which will be so central as to be easily reached by the greatest number of people. It is planned to open the Dispensary at the earliest possible moment. F.H.R.

SUMMER WORK FOR HORSES

This is our earnest plea for assistance in our summer work for horses. We watered last summer at our special watering stations 280,865 horses. For the fifteen days ending June 30, 1913, the stations report 28,986. This year we have added to our equipment a handsome watering cart, drawn by two beautiful horses, which visits the markets and such places of congested traffic as are unsuitable for establishing a station. This work is expensive, but it is one of the best things that can be done by us for the horses during these hot summer months. Every gift to this special service will be deeply appreciated and gratefully acknowledged. Won't it increase the pleasure of each reader of these words if he knows he is making a little less hard the lot of thousands of hard-worked, patient horses? F.H.R.

LOSSES FROM DISEASE AND EXPOSURE

No sane person can doubt the wisdom of the most painstaking study into the diseases of animals when he reads the reports of the U. S. Department of Agriculture with reference to this subject. Last year swine to the value of approximately \$66,500,000 died from disease. Ninety per cent. of this loss was probably due to hog cholera. Disease and exposure were responsible during that period for loss among cattle amounting to nearly \$65,000,000, and among sheep to over \$10,000,000, while the loss among horses reached nearly \$64,000,000. Here is part of the explanation of the high cost of living. Outside of all considerations of economic loss, however, the prevention and cure of those diseases that annually cause this suffering and death among animals deserve the interest of all humanitarians. Few things are more pitiful than a sick and dying animal. The animal hospital was never so imperatively demanded as today. F.H.R.

GLANDERS IN MASSACHUSETTS

So alarming has become the spread of glanders in Boston, and so serious the loss entailed upon horse owners in whose stables the disease is discovered, that the state has at last made possible the partial recompense of those whose horses, responding to the test, are ordered destroyed. For a long time this is what has been done in cases where cattle, suffering from tuberculosis, have been killed by the state. The substance of the new law is:

If any horses, asses or mules which are condemned as afflicted with glanders are killed, the full value thereof at the time of condemnation, not exceeding fifty dollars for any one animal, shall be paid to the owner by the commonwealth if such animal was owned within the commonwealth twelve consecutive months prior to being killed.

With such compensation made possible there is far less temptation on the part of the owner to conceal the knowledge that he has a glandered horse. Men will also be more willing to allow their horses to be tested for the disease. Glanders is very infectious and is fatal to horses and to men. F.H.R.

STEEL TRAP LEGISLATION

A beginning has been made in Massachusetts in lessening the torture produced by the steel trap. By an act passed by the last legislature,

Any person who shall set, place, maintain or tend a steel trap with a spread of more than six inches or a steel trap with teeth jaws, or a "stop-thief" or choke trap with an opening of more than six inches shall be punished by a fine of not exceeding one hundred dollars.

Any person who shall set, maintain or tend a steel trap on enclosed land of another without the consent in writing of the owner thereof, and any person who shall fail to visit at least once in twenty-four hours, a trap set or maintained by him shall be punished by a fine of not exceeding twenty dollars. F.H.R.

REDUCING CRUELTY

One way to lessen the cruelties of the slaughterhouse is for every housewife, who really cares, to ask the butcher supplying her with meat, how the cattle, sheep, and swine he butchers are killed. In large cities this may not be very effective since the trading is done, for the most part, with men who deal only in meat dressed in large abattoirs which may be hundreds of miles away. But there are thousands of towns and villages where the butcher himself does the slaughtering. To urge upon him the need of subjecting the animals to the least possible fright, and to render them unconscious by stunning before the use of the knife,—all who purchase of him can do this. Even to say that one would cease to be a customer unless this were done, would certainly not be going too far for, one genuinely humane. Who of us are interested enough in these poor creatures sacrificed for us to do this much to help on the reform in our slaughtering methods? All other forms of cruelty do not, even in the mass, equal those of the slaughter pen. F.H.R.

PASSING OF THE DOCKED HORSE

Look at the illustrations on page 48 of the process known as docking. There are men who have had the effrontery to say that it is practically a painless operation. The custom is centuries old. We have seen the pictures of docked horses on old tapestries of the thirteenth century. For generations the methods were necessarily far more brutal than now. The accumulated suffering of the horses subjected to this mutilation during near a thousand years baffles the imagination. At last a nobler humanity is demanding that this cruel and disfiguring practice be stopped. A bill is before the English Parliament which, if it passes, will punish by a heavy fine any one docking a horse foaled after the act becomes law.

Doubtless many people do not realize that docking means the cutting off of several of the vertebrae of the spinal column and then burning with a red hot iron the end of the tail after the severing of the veins which bleed profusely, and then applying boiling tar to the raw stump with its exposed and quivering nerves. Walter Winans says, in the *Rider and Driver*, for June, 1913, "In England riding horses and hunters at least are spared being made ridiculous by docking, but in the United States even ladies ride about on mutilated horses with tails like hat pegs." The abolishing of the custom in England will have great influence in making it unfashionable here. It is done in this country always under cover, and every precaution taken to avoid detection by our humane societies. F.H.R.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889

For rates of membership in both our Societies and for prices of literature, see back pages. Checks should be made payable to Henry B. Hill, Treasurer.

AS UNTO HIM

If the cattle upon a thousand hills are His; if He gives strength to the horse and clothes his neck with thunder; if all sheep and oxen are His; if the birds are bidden praise Him, and He feeds them, and not one of them can fall to the ground without Him; if He giveth to the beast his food and openeth His hand that He may supply the want of every living thing—then surely all these creatures made by Him, cared for by Him, have their own place in His infinite heart of love and grace. Is not service to them, ministry to their welfare, a service and a ministry to Him? Can there be any recognition of Him as the object of adoration and the Lord of life which ignores the claim of His lowlier creations for justice and kindness? In a word, can there be any religion worthy the name without that humanity that reaches in its outflowing affection and solicitude every realm of life made sacred by its relation to Him? F.H.R.

SECRETARY BRYAN AND WAR

We chanced recently upon an address made by Secretary of State, W. J. Bryan, in 1910, at the Mohonk Conference. Here are two or three sentences from it:

My friends, the building of these great battleships, these preparations by Christian nations to fight one another, is a challenge to the Christian civilization of the world; it is infidelity to the doctrine taught by the Founder of the Christian religion. Christ taught no such doctrine; he taught us the power of love, not the power of the sword; and those who have tried to put into practice this doctrine are the ones who have suffered least from the use of force. I believe that this nation could stand before the world today and tell the world that it did not believe in war, that it did not believe that it was the right way to settle disputes, that it had no disputes that it was not willing to submit to the judgment of the world. If this nation did that, it not only would not be attacked by any other nation on the earth, but it would become the supreme power in the world.

To many these doubtless seem like the words of a dreamer. Perhaps they are. To us, nevertheless, they are words of profoundest truth. F.H.R.

ITALY FORBIDS VIVISECTION

A dispatch from Italy states that the bill providing for the better protection of animals has been passed by the Italian Chamber. It recognizes the agents of societies for the protection of animals and forbids vivisection by any one not holding special licenses from the ministries of the interior and education. The speech delivered by Signor Luzzatti in support of his bill was extremely eloquent. The Premier, Signor Giolitti, who also spoke upon the bill, promised that it should be strictly enforced. The bill has only to receive the royal assent to become law, since it passed the senate in 1911.

BACK TO HIS OWN

The New York Times says in a recent article: "The horse has come back to Newport. Each evening there is an increasing turnout of carriages and traps at the Wickford boat landing. Every steamer and train from New York brings in more horses and everything points to the fact that the fashionable afternoon driving hour is to be revived." Then follows a long list of people who are having their carriages remade, or who are awaiting the arrival of handsome equipages. We are going to see more and more of this sort of thing. It is bound to come. Some things are in this world to stay so long as man is man. F.H.R.

GENOA

The annual report of the Society for the Protection of Animals, Genoa, Italy, shows 5973 cases coming under the attention of its two inspectors, an increase in the fines imposed, and a growing public opinion sustaining the work. This Society pays the policemen of Genoa and its suburbs a franc for every case they will interest themselves in that results in a conviction. Last year 864 francs were expended in this way. *Our Dumb Animals* is quoted with reference to Band of Mercy work and a plea is made to the school authorities to organize these Bands in the schools of Italy. An account is given of what has been accomplished in Piedmont, where a beginning was made with 97 Bands numbering now 15,900 members. We are glad to speak of the excellent work of this well-known Society. F.H.R.

M. PERINET'S SUCCESS ABROAD

Villa Masséna, Menton, France,
Dear Dr. Rowley: May 25, 1913.

Great success! Two hundred schools in Paris have joined the Bands of Mercy, and the movement has extended to almost all the provinces. In Algeria the movement is already very pronounced, thank God! for it is to Him that we owe it. In 1910 the minister of public instruction received my circular with empty, meaningless fair words. Today this same minister, in concert with M. Ferdinand Buisson, director of teaching, does all that he can to further the propaganda in favor of the Bands of Mercy. Before long M. Millevoe will issue his second summons, and I hope that the government will make the Bands of Mercy compulsory in the public schools.

I am making still further efforts in connection with the ministers of other countries, who are still hesitating. The example of France will, I hope, urge them on, and soon the Band of Mercy army will sing its songs throughout the Continent. I am still waiting for help from the Europeans. Honor to the New World which has aided me. Yours sincerely,

J. PERINET.

WOMEN PLEDGED TO SAVE BIRDS

A feature at a recent meeting of the Council of Women's Clubs in Kansas City, Kansas, was the reading of an article on the cruelty of using aigrettes in millinery, written by the distinguished actress, Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske. A very earnest discussion followed, and it was decided to take some action to bring about legislation against the sale of aigrettes.

Since the legislature in Kansas does not meet until 1914, in order to gain friends for the movement, it was decided to circulate a pledge to be signed by the women throughout the state. This pledge is to include a promise not to wear or buy any feathers procured from birds by cruel methods. A committee was appointed to prepare the form, and Mrs. Fiske was asked to suggest or write such a pledge.

Angell Memorial Hospital

"The Society has a great work before it; and it earnestly asks the aid and prayers of every man and woman who believes in God, and has sympathy for His suffering creatures."

GEORGE T. ANGELL'S
Appeal in the Boston papers,
April, 1868.

The time is approaching when actual operations to erect the administration building and Animals' Hospital on the site purchased last year on Longwood avenue will be started by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. This building will be the permanent headquarters of our Societies and dedicated as a memorial to George T. Angell, their founder.

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is essentially a state benevolent institution and an educational one. Every citizen with civic pride can assist us with a contribution to carry out our project. Gifts and contributions have supported our work for nearly fifty years.

Progressiveness compels us to aim for greater efficiency, which we believe can best be reached by the erection of permanent headquarters and a hospital for animals.

While the Angell Memorial Hospital will be the first one erected in New England and while the president of our Societies was the first person to advance the idea of an animals' hospital under the management of a humane society, we believe, in this country, New York and Philadelphia have since built such institutions and other cities have taken initiatory steps in the same direction.

The expediency of such an institution as an Animals' Hospital was denied by some when first proposed, but today it is well recognized that the practical illustration of the humane idea demands that a place be provided where animals may receive proper medical and surgical treatment.

Like all new ideas, this one has had its opponents, but its adherents are increasing every day, and we believe that all our friends will help us to carry out our project by sending a contribution.

Boston as a city will gain in common with us from the enlargement of our work.

We are getting ready to open soon an aggressive campaign to reach every person interested in our work in Boston, throughout the state, and abroad. All money contributed will be used exclusively for the erection of the building and no effort will be made towards securing an endowment until the building is completed and paid for.

We appeal earnestly to all persons who we know have always responded generously to the wants of deserving institutions.

NATHANIEL T. KIDDER } Executive Committee
FRANCIS H. ROWLEY } Angell Memorial
MRS. GEORGE T. ANGELL }

HOW TO STOP CRUELTY

There is only one way to do it, and that is to go down to the foundation and build up. *We must educate the children.* We must create a great public opinion. We must wake up the pulpit and the press, and scatter the literature of humanity until it shall be read in the homes, taught in the schools, hung on the walls, and all the children shall feel that these animals have been mercifully created by our common Father, and mercifully given us to use, but not to abuse. GEO. T. ANGELL.

What Other Societies Are Doing

Glimpses of Work for Animal Protection in Many Places

Chester Animals Well Cared For

A brief report has been received from the Chester (Pennsylvania) S. P. C. A., indicating that the work in that city is ever growing, and urging increased financial support. Over 4000 animals were involved in the work of the Society last year.

Prize Essays in Buffalo Schools

In the annual report of the Erie County S. P. C. A. announcement is made of an essay competition for the four classes in the High School and the four highest grades of the grammar schools of Buffalo, New York. Some of the subjects for the essays are: "St. Francis of Assisi," "Poets' Tributes to Their Dogs," "Marsh Island: a Bird Sanctuary." The Society attended to 1337 cases of cruelty during the year, and secured thirty-six convictions out of forty-one prosecutions. A long membership list is included in the report.

Aid for Horses in Kansas City

The Humane Society of Kansas City, Missouri, has issued a stenographic report of a mass meeting for the horse, held in April, which includes drawings of fountains now in use in that city, and a summary of the agents' reports. The address of President Edwin R. Weeks, in which he refers to the lack of water now available for horses in the streets of Kansas City, is one of the most earnest pleas for that faithful animal that we have seen in a long time. The Humane Society, through the Bands of Mercy, the women of the Society, the committees on legislation and education, and other means, has had laws enacted, fountains erected, and made more than 100,000 intercessions in behalf of the horse; and with the effective aid of the Board of Education and the teachers, and the assistance of a sympathetic city press, has accomplished much to create a more nearly just public opinion in recognition of the rights of the horse.

Dr. Hornaday's Work in New York

The seventeenth annual report of the New York Zoological Society, comprising 160 pages, will appeal to those interested in the preservation of our native animals. The Society maintains the New York Zoological Park and the New York Aquarium. Many prominent names appear among the nearly 2000 members of the organization. The popularity of the famous Park and the Aquarium is shown by the fact that the attendance at both institutions during 1912 was nearly four millions.

Probably no individual has done more for the conservation of the wild animal life of this country than Dr. William T. Hornaday of the New York Zoo. He calls attention to what he regards as two very serious conditions: first, the awful destruction of the world's finest wild animals, and the disappearance of desirable species from the list of available; second, the sweeping prohibition of the Department of Agriculture which prevents the importation of all ruminating animals, or any member of the swine family, coming either from Europe, Asia, Africa or South America. The report, which is full of attractive illustrations, contains a special article on "The Distribution and Habits of the Pygmy Hippopotamus," illustrated by a large chart of Western Liberia, by Major Hans Schomburgk, F. R. G. S.

Bands of Mercy in Trinidad

The report of the Trinidad S. P. C. A. for the year ending December 31, 1912, tells of an active Society which maintains agents in the two principal towns of the colony. We are told that during the year the assistant secretary paid 142 visits to the schools in connection with the Band of Mercy, a fact which augurs well for the future treatment of animals in this island.

Severe Penalty in St. Joseph

A very creditable report of the Humane Society of St. Joseph and Buchanan County, Missouri, has been received from W. A. Ziemendorff, humane officer. The organization cares for both children and animals. Of the latter, horses and mules received conspicuous attention, one item of special interest being that forty-eight high checkreins on horses were altered. One of the prosecutions for cruelty to animals resulted in a sentence of two years in the penitentiary.

New Animals' Home in Oakland

The Oakland S. P. C. A. of Alameda county (California), according to its fortieth annual report, has received a gift of an Animals' Home, through the generosity of a friend, which will enable it to realize its hope of providing a home and resting place for horses especially. Under the auspices of the Society a beautiful granite and bronze drinking fountain was erected at a point where traffic is especially heavy, and presented to the city of Oakland. In addition to the four large basins for horses are drinking accommodations for birds and small four-footed animals, as well as for individuals.

The Society examined 25,279 animals during the past year.

St. Paul Society in New Offices

We regret to read, in the biennial report of the St. Paul (Minnesota) Humane Society, that that organization has been unsuccessful in its efforts to secure the opening of the horse drinking fountains. It is hard for those of us who are accustomed to an abundance of watering places for horses, to realize how so large a city can get along without such a service. We sincerely trust that the Society will soon realize its hope that the fountains now standing in St. Paul may be replaced by fountains of the overflowing bubble system without danger from contagion. The St. Paul organization now occupies new offices in the Wilder Building, where it is in close touch with other benevolent organizations. A compilation of the Minnesota humane laws has been made and published during the past years. It is pleasing to observe that Governor Eberhardt endorsed the annual observance of Bird and Arbor Day and of Mercy Sunday.



Many Prosecutions in Chicago

In the forty-fourth annual report of the Illinois Humane Society, Chicago, it is stated that 291 animal cases were prosecuted during the year. The report contains an interesting historical sketch, including a general review of the work of the Society. Mr. Walter Butler, a former president of the Society, has retired from the position of director, and has been made an honorary member.

Horse's Prayer Circulated in Auburn

The Cayuga County (New York) S. P. C. A. held its seventeenth annual meeting in May, at which reports were given showing its activity and prosperity. During the year hundreds of placards of "The Horse's Prayer" have been distributed, as well as other literature relating to birds and animals. It is interesting to learn that the mayor of Auburn, the Hon. Thomas O'Neill, has supported the work of the Society under all circumstances, and that other prominent men and the press of the city have been generous in their cooperation.

Chicago Anti-Cruelty Society

The Anti-Cruelty Society of Chicago issues its fourteenth annual report in very attractive form, with a large number of telling illustrations. During the year the Society held a benefit performance at which it cleared over \$6000. In addition to its work for children, the Society investigated 1614 complaints of cruelty to animals, and prosecuted 57 cases of this kind. At its Refuge over 800 dogs were received, and even a larger number of cats. Homes were found for many of these, and the rest humanely destroyed. The endorsement of the work of this Society by the press of Chicago is emphatically shown in editorial notices reprinted in this report. Though the Society laments the loss, by removal, of Mrs. E. W. Brooks, Mrs. Robert L. Gifford, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Richmond Taber, and Mrs. Theodore Thomas, the latter being the founder of the organization, its good work appears to go on with ever increasing influence under the able direction of Mr. Hugo Krause, secretary and superintendent.

Philadelphia Women Successful

The forty-fourth annual report of the Women's Pennsylvania S. P. C. A. shows in detail the splendid work which has been accomplished during the year under the presidency of that pioneer of American humanitarians, Mrs. Caroline Earl White. Very appreciative words appear about the visit which President Rowley made to the schools in Philadelphia last year, under the auspices of this Society. It is encouraging to note that no difficulty is found in introducing Band of Mercy work into the schools, and that the majority of the teachers recognize its moral and intellectual value. The printed schedules of Bands of Mercy in Philadelphia show how systematically this work has been taken up there. A feature of the Society's activity is the maintenance of special drinking stations during the summer months, during which not only many thousands of horses, but also small animals and persons, are given water. Of 618 prosecutions for cruelty made during the year, there were 603 convictions. The story of the very large service which this Society performs is effectively told in very carefully prepared statistics printed in the report.



Courtesy of Guide to Nature

A REMARKABLY GOOD PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY OF CATS

THE FAMILY CAT



HE family went off today on a vacation trip, says the *Headlight* of Deming, New Mexico. They went for pleasure and rest and comfort. They left the family cat to shift for herself. In a story by Annie E. Fisher, a typical case is given:

"She is not long in taking fright at the strangeness of a deserted house. She grows impatient, then doubtful and unhappy, and by-and-by, as the hours go by, as night comes on and no door opens to her she comes to know the worst, and her heart grows sore within her. In despair, knowing herself homeless and forsaken, she lifts up her voice and wails.

"I have known many a human being to weep bitterly at the loss of home for a few weeks or months only.

"I have known a cat thus deprived of home to stay about the place for weeks and months, each day coming back to ask why she is cruelly treated, each day growing dirtier and hungrier, more hopeless, unkempt and savage; until finally, with temper ruined, manners noisy and rude, coat all ugly with dirt and scratches, she becomes a wretched, unhappy street cat.

"If she is not torn to pieces by dogs, if she does not starve to death, she lives on—a wretched, wretched creature.

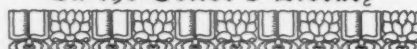
"One of these poor creatures I found when I came home last autumn. She was ill, starving, half-blind from disease; but I put an end to her suffering with chloroform as soon as I could catch her. And oh, the pity of it! I found on making friends with her that she must have been somebody's pet, for she was tame and gentle and affectionate as soon as she heard a friendly voice and recognized a friendly hand. Poor little creature! she will never have to be cold or hungry or forsaken any more.

"Now, tell me, you who left this cat to starve, would it have been too much trouble to take her away with you into the country, or to have found another home for her, or, these things being impossible, could you not have sent to the Society to send and mercifully kill her before you left town? Or better still, would it not have been more just if you had never given yourself the pleasure of having a cat at all, since you were not prepared to hold yourself responsible for its life and happiness?

"My story is a true one. Year after year this thing happens; and it needs no prophecy to see that what has happened will repeat itself this year and every year to come, until we give thought and take pains that this thing shall not go on."



In the Editor's Library



THE STORY OF HEATHER, May Wynne.

Heather is the name of the winsome little Exmoor pony who tells of his numerous adventures for the benefit and delight of child readers. From his earliest days by his mother's side amidst the heather-bells of his moorland home where life is a daily round of merriment, he comes to the age when ponies must be educated and fitted as playmates for girls and boys. His experiences are pleasant; his work is play; he gives good behavior in return for kind treatment, but the happy days slip by and the friendly ties are broken. Gipsies steal him. Hard times follow. Rough and cruel men nearly crush his spirit and ruin his body. But the story ends well and happily when Heather runs away from his hard-hearted master and a kindly fate leads him to the home of his better days.

There is a vein of sympathy and affection for animals running through the tale. Against the cruelty which made miserable the pony's life and impaired him of all usefulness there are shown, in effective contrast, the advantages of kindness and how much it is rewarded by willing service. The story must strike a responsive chord in all young readers. The lessons are obvious. A half-dozen illustrations in color and fancy binding make the volume attractive.

200 pp. \$1 net. Sully and Kleinteich, New York.



A BOWL OF CHEER

Veterinary Column

Question: I am a farmer living twenty miles from the nearest veterinary, and have had in past years a few colts castrated every spring, and I have lost two in the past two years. The veterinary seemed to be perfectly clean in his work and I cannot understand the cause of their death. One of them laid right down and died twelve hours after the operation; the other died one week after. C. M.

Answer: Experience has taught me that oftentimes the farmer is too careless in the after treatment of a castrated colt. The operation of itself is a simple one and the after treatment is very important. Always bear in mind that cleanliness is one of the most important factors. By all means clean the colt's stall thoroughly. You may scrub out the stall floor with a creolin solution, and when dry, bed with good clean straw. The scrotum should be washed thoroughly with a carbolized oil solution twice a day, and the wound kept open to allow perfect drainage. Exercise the colt for an hour or two each day. It is my opinion that your first colt died either as the result of shock or internal hemorrhage, and the second as the result of septic infection producing blood-poisoning.

Question: Will you kindly give me a prescription for an inflamed tendon? H. B. M.

Answer: Guaiacol (Merck) 1 oz.
Icthyol 3 oz.
Oleic acid 1 pint.

Apply and rub gently.

Question: I have a bay colt four years old that has been lame for the past four weeks. I have tried different treatments and I am quite sure this colt has rheumatism. Will you kindly prescribe for him? O. M.

Answer: Salicylate of soda 4½ oz.
Citrate of lithia 4 oz.
Water 1 qt.

Give two ounces with two ounces of water, every four hours.

Question: My driving horse recently received a bad wire cut and I am having difficulty in healing the same. Will you give me a formula for a healing powder? L. C. S.

Answer: Oxide of zinc 2 oz.
Boric acid 2 oz.
Acetanilid 2 oz.

Mix and apply twice each day.

Question: My cat had four kittens last spring. They lived to be about two months old when they became sick and died. I did all I could for them. They grew thin and seemed to have bad colds, and bad smelling breath. What was their malady and how treated? V. W. S.

Answer: Your kittens evidently had distemper, a contagious disease usually affecting the young. The premises should be thoroughly washed with an antiseptic solution. If these symptoms are noticed in one cat, that animal should be immediately isolated. Nutritious diet, such as milk, beef broth, broiled meat, etc., is of more value than the medicinal treatment.

Note: The Society's veterinarian will be glad to answer questions relative to the treatment of sick or injured animals. Replies will be published whenever practicable.

DUMB THINGS

By EVER M. HOLMES

He who holds the planets to their course and sets them swinging into space,
Knoweth when a sparrow falls and the place.
He who bringeth hidden things to light,
Knows where wee birds sleep at night.
He who planned a world and made it fair,
Careth for a wild thing in its lair.

FOR OLD BILL

By ALICE JEAN CLEATOR

A stall six feet by nine—or more;
Well-aired and light! An even floor!
Give him no musty grain or hay.
His food—that is his only pay.
Give water the last thing at night,
And first of all at morning-light.
When loads are hard, rest him at will,
And block the wheels if it's uphill.
And, O, the collar should be right;
A good, close fit but never tight!
He needs the force of all his weight.
May checkreins soon be "out of date."
More power lies in a firm, kind tone,
Than all the whips which you could own.
A sugar-lump, a pat or two
Will show him what he means to you.
Say to him, "You're a prize, Old Bill."
He'll understand; of course he will!
Give him the treatment you would choose,
If you were in a horse's shoes.

PROTECT HORSES FROM FIRE

The following letter by President Rowley of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., was published recently in the *Boston Transcript*:

Once more, through the columns of the *Transcript*, I beg you to let me say a word on behalf of those utterly helpless horses that are stabled night after night in places without adequate fire protection. Four times since the legislative committee turned down our bill, which sought some little protection from fire for these faithful servants of man, after their day's work was done, have disastrous fires emphasized the imperative need of such legislation. Here is the record for Boston: May 8, 120 burned to death, or suffocated by smoke in Roxbury; May 17, five more meeting the same fate in West Somerville; June 16, fifteen more added to the list of victims in Melrose; and Tuesday night, June 24, eighteen more in Albany street dead by fire. During the past six weeks 158. The two largest rendering plants of the city say that, in 1912, 225 horses were burned to death in Boston. It looks now as if 1913 would tell even a sadder story.

Something should be done by the legislature. In buildings of a certain class, wooden structures, horses must be kept on the ground floor, and with a night watchman on duty. Even then the watchman will fall asleep and horses will perish in flames. Fire walls must be constructed dividing stables, so that if fire breaks out in one end of the stable the horses at least in the other part may be saved. Two runways in all stables must be kept open, so that if one is closed by smoke and fire the other will be available. These are the least things we can do to show even our decent regard for the welfare of one of the noblest animals that has ever served our race. To do less is to be guilty of what is wanton cruelty when looked at in the light of the results of our indifference and disregard of the horse's mute claim upon us.

I have had a conference with Fire Commissioner Cole, and if Boston will sustain us when the legislature meets next winter, we shall secure some legislation that will be a first step at least in protecting our horses from such pitiful deaths as have come to so many of them in the past.

WHERE CATTLE ABOUND

Australia has cows enough to give each man, woman, and child in the island continent three each; while Argentina can do even better—there are five cattle to each inhabitant in the big South American republic.



The Horse's Point of View in Summer

If a horse could talk he would have many things to say when summer comes.

He would tell his driver that he feels the heat on a very warm day quite as much as if he could read a thermometer.

He would say,—"Give me a little water many times a day, when the heat is intense, but not much at a time if I am warm; if you want me to keep well don't give me any grain when you bring me warm into the stable, just a half dozen swallows of water, and some hay to eat until I am cool.

"Don't water me too soon after I have eaten my grain, wait an hour. Especially do I need watering between nine and ten at night. I am thirstier then than at almost any other time of day."

He would say,—"When the sun is hot and I am working let me breathe once in a while in the shade of some house or tree; if you have to leave me on the street leave me in the shade if possible. Anything upon my head, between my ears, to keep off the sun, is bad for me if the air cannot circulate freely underneath it, unless it is a sponge kept cool and wet. If you do not clip off my foretop and treat me as you would yourself, you need not have much fear of losing me by a sunstroke.

"If on an extremely warm day I give evidence by panting and signs of exhaustion that I am being overcome with the heat, unharness me, take me into the shade and apply cold water or even broken ice, wrapped up in a cloth or put in a bag, to my head, sponge out my mouth and go over my legs with a cool wet sponge."

He would talk of slippery streets, and the sensations of falling on cruel city cobblestones—the pressure of the load pushing him to the fall, the bruised knees and wrenched joints, and the feel of the driver's lash.

He would tell of the luxury of a fly net when at work and of a fly blanket when standing still in fly season, and of the boon to him of screens in the stable to keep out the insects that bite and sting.

He would plead for as cool and comfortable a stable as possible in which to rest at night after a day's work under the hot sun.

He would suggest that living through a warm night in a narrow stall neither properly cleaned nor bedded is suffering for him and poor economy for the owner.

He would say that turning the horse on him is altogether too risky a thing to do unless you are looking for a sick horse. Spraying the legs and feet when he is not too warm on a hot day, he would find agreeable.

He would say,—"Please sponge out my eyes and nose and dock when I come in tired and dusty at night, and also sponge me with clean cool water under the collar and saddle of the harness."

Where the Lovely Abalone Abounds

By FELIX J. KOCH



WHEN next you're rambling on the shores of the Pacific, keep your eyes alert, not for lucky-stones nor yet for the curious kelp, which so many dry for ornament, but for discarded shells of the lovely abalone, the creature whose home is the most beautiful of any on the Pacific.

No, you needn't fear that you'll harm the animal, for the live abalone is far from your

out constantly to gather them is so large that the government has been forced to step in and protect them, ruling that only shells over sixteen inches in circumference in the case of the green, blue or red shells, and over six to seven and three-quarter inches in the case of the black shells, may be taken.

Of course the prime interest of the fisherman in the abalone is for the mussel itself, which is sent to Japan. The abalone is very much like a



"THE BEST ABALONE HUNTING-GROUND IN THE WORLD"

reach, beneath the waters, and it's only the shells of the dead mollusk that are to be found on the beaches.

How many of the countless thousands of purchasers, either of the polished shells, which go out as ash-receivers or as ornaments for room-corners, or of the shell-covered jewel boxes and other novelties from the abalone, ever give more than passing thought to the enormous industry which has grown from the demand for these souvenirs? Snug sums are netted in this way each year, particularly along the coast of the Golden State.

These shells, in the average tourist bazaars, such as one finds at Santa Barbara, Santa Monica and elsewhere along the western coast, come largely from the stretch of beach traversed on the famous Seventeen-Mile Drive out of Monterey. Tourists on this trip may themselves pick gorgeous abalone-shells right out of the sands. This is the best abalone hunting-ground in the world, and the shells, attached to the lower side of the boulder, may be sought wherever there are rocks.

These are the beautiful, multi-colored, iridescent abalone-shells, almost half globes in shape, but brown outside and hardly pretty. They are the shells you see standing about, in some nook or other in nearly every household in the country.

So plentiful are the abalones on the shore near the summer towns on the Southern Pacific that tourists are loath to believe that the shells are getting scarce, but such is really the case. The number of Chinese and Japanese fishermen going

clam, but when dried is thick as a small fist, and of queer grayish-brown color, resembling most a bunch of cloth, or a dried sponge tissue minus the holes of a sponge. Unlike the clam, the abalone has but one shell, and on the other side its body is protected by a suction apparatus much like that of a fly's foot. This it is which holds the mussel to the rocks so fast that one can only pry it off with iron bars.

The abalone, in consequence, is gathered at low tide, so that the men can get out under the rocks or dive down perhaps eighty feet beneath the surface of the water to obtain them. In this work there will be three or four men in a boat, and these take turns at the diving. Usually they will bring up only a few, but sometimes as many as a hundred can be landed.

Brought to land, the "meat" is scooped out, and the rest is then dried in the sun, or put up as soup. At San Pedro, California, there is now an extensive abalone cannery. The dried abalone are then shipped in barrels or sacking to the Orient. The shells go by the ton to curio dealers, and bring from twenty to one hundred dollars for that amount.

In colors, the California abalone ranges red, blue, green, black and white. The finest of these is the blue, then the green. The black is noted for its pearl, which lies in the center of the shell like a blotch on the interior. Occasionally, moreover, a regular pearl is found inside it. At Long Beach, California, a factory has been opened where the shells are worked up into all manner of things, including purses, ladies' waist-sets, watch fobs and hat pins.

NIMROD RULERS

By E. E. ERICSON

Sup't of Schools, Berlin, Nebraska



I WAS glad to read in a recent issue of *Our Dumb Animals* that those barbaric pastimes such as deer-hunting and pheasant-shooting have no attraction for the new president of France. It is my firm belief that the executive's action will do

much toward fostering a peace spirit in his nation.

The ruler of a state is continually in the public eye and his subjects have to a great extent his virtues and vices. He should, at all times, bear in mind that his subjects, and particularly those of the younger generation, love and adore him. He, then, should set an example that will be well for these subjects to follow.

A noted authority of history has said that one of the best and fairest measures of the civilization of a people is their regard for human life. Does not regard for human life have for its foundation regard for our little dumb creatures? A man who cannot draw the blood of a fellow-being will hesitate to draw the blood of a fellow-being in war or otherwise. But the man who has slaughtered harmless water-fowl with a pump-gun for many years will welcome war and its attendant carnage. Continual shedding of blood makes a merciless heart. Lawyers recognize this fact often when they refuse to allow a butcher to sit on a jury in a murder case.

But he who loves our little silent friends is also he who believes in arbitration rather than war, in diplomacy rather than a standing army and a large navy, in the doctrine of love rather than that of force and brute strength.

President Poincaré is an exception to most European potentates. Kaiser Wilhelm, King Alphonso, Czar Ferdinand and a host of others are wont to forget the cares of state by shooting defenseless little creatures of the wood by the wholesale. And within the last decade we of this nation were periodically confronted by the disgusting spectacle of a president, leaving the White House to fairly wallow in the blood of nature's creatures, while on his return he held up to ridicule as "nature fakirs" those who, loving animals, attempted to learn something of their habits and to make an interesting study of them.

Let us be thankful that Mr. Wilson's diversion is golf. This is no trivial matter, this shedding of innocent blood.

"He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."





Founders of American Band of Mercy
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOS. TIMMINS

Office of Parent American Band of Mercy
DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
A. JUDSON LEACH, State Organizer

PLEDGE

"I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

We send without cost to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends us the name chosen for the Band and the name and address of the president:

Our *Dumb Animals* for one year; twenty leaflets; copy of "Songs of Happy Life"; and an imitation gold badge for the president. See page 47 for prices of Band of Mercy badges and supplies, and humane publications.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

One hundred and forty-five new Bands were organized in June, of which seventy-three were in Massachusetts, thirty-three in schools of Maine, and eighteen in Boise, Idaho. The numerals show the number of Bands in each school or town:

Schools in Massachusetts

Avon: Avon, 6; Belcher, 5; Prescott, 8.
Brookfield: Blanchard; Center, 4.
East Brookfield: Hodgkins, 4.
North Brookfield: Center, 5; Grove, 4.
Sterling: Grammar; Center, 2; District, 6.
Warren: Center, 4; East Street, 8; West Warren, 4.
West Boylston: West Boylston, 6.
Westford: Westford.
Fisherville, Massachusetts: Children's Humane Soc.
Gloucester, Massachusetts: Rundquist.
Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts: Conzer.
Stoneham, Massachusetts: Kindness.

Schools in Maine

Augusta: Smith, 8.
Hallowell: Hallowell.
Manchester: Forks, 4; Friends' S.S., 5.
Topsham: Free Baptist S.S., 10.
Turner Center: Turner Center.
Winthrop: East Winthrop, 3.
Woolwich: Chips No. 1.
New Britain, Connecticut: Sacred Heart School, 4.
Providence, Rhode Island: Mercy.
Niagara Falls, New York: Walker, 2.
Pine Valley, New York: Veteran W. C. T. U.
Port Byron, New York: Loyal.
Apollo, Pennsylvania: Apollo.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: Rosenbaum.
Savannah, Georgia: Savannah's First.
New Orleans, Louisiana: Old Refuge House, 3; Tremont.
Clinton, Missouri: Public Schools, 4.
Boise, Idaho: Farr, 5; Lewis; Washington School, 6; Garfield School, 6.
Barceloneta, Porto Rico: Kindness.

Total number Bands of Mercy, 88,355.

THE ELEPHANT'S BATH

The elephant enjoys a bath in the streams and pools of his native habitat, but his lordly brother in captivity finds no such comfort in the bath that from time to time is given him. A trainer thus describes the expensive operation:

It takes a week to carry out the process in every detail. It requires the services of three men and costs \$300. This treatment is necessary for a show elephant and, if the animal is a valuable one, the proprietor of the show does not consider the money wasted.

The first step consists of going over the immense body with the best soap procurable; 150 pounds of soap is used, and the elephant's ears are especially attended to. When the soaping and drying are completed, the elephant is well sand-papered, and after that rubbed all over with the purest Indian oil until the mouse-gray skin is supple and glistening.

This last finishing touch is the most expensive part of the whole bath, as it means the application of about \$150 worth of olive-oil.



ITALIAN GOATS ON ROAD BETWEEN SUBIACO AND OLEVANO

MY LITTLE FRIEND IN BAD ODOR

By REV. ROLAND D. SAWYER



ALONE and quiet, I am lying here in the deep dusk of the summer evening. Rapidly it is growing dark about me, and these deep shades of the woods about my camp are such as would bring feelings of dread to the timid. But why should one feel timid in the dark, safe retreat of the trees? Surely no place could be safer, more inviting—and it must be that the feeling of timidity is an inherited feeling, brought over from the days when the woods really held creatures that could do harm to the human being. But that day has passed, and everything in the woods now, is quiet, peaceful, blissful; and so I lie here dreamily thinking of what the woods formerly contained, of the interesting story that the Trees of New England could tell. The days when there prowled through here the great, muscular bear, the lithe panther, the crawling snake—those days are gone, and in the woods are left but the tame things, my friends.

But just now my nose catches a suspicious odor, I get a whiff from the wind as it comes in over yonder junipers, and I look sharply and see a little animal whisk about; there is still light enough for me to detect the white on his back, and I am brought out of my dream of a moment ago to recall that there are still things in the woods that we do not want to press too close an acquaintance with. I get up and move in for fully thirty feet to give the little fellow more room.

Last summer, while camping here, this same little fellow, or one of his family, gave me a scare I will not soon forget. I was awakened in the night by something on my dining table pitched beneath the trees, and going to the tent door I looked out, and saw in the bright moonlight a good-sized black and white skunk with a piece of bacon rind in his teeth which he was shaking for all the world as a dog does a bit of tough meat. I made a noise which drove him off the table, and then I went back to the cot and waited. Hearing nothing further, I lifted the side of the tent and stuck my head out. And, horrors, my face came within six inches of the skunk who was prowling alongside. I gave one startled "Scat!" and ducked back. The skunk darted for the bush, and it would have been hard to say which was the more startled, he or I.

And here he is again tonight, this little fellow, a mischievous creature, hated, detested by the farmers, shunned by all, an outlaw with a stiff price on his head. He is at the best a stupid and lazy thief; he is the desired prey of trappers, for his fur is always worth good money; and yet we all give him proper distance. He has survived where bears, panthers, wildcats, have paid the price.

His concealed scent-bag has been a better protector than teeth and strength. And, somehow, as I watch him out there as he hops about, I see him as he is, a lonely little fellow, disliked by everyone and everything. I can't help feeling for him—he is after all my friend. For who needs my friendship more than this poor, lonely, little, friendless skunk? No, I don't wish, nor will I attempt him harm; and so I get up and go into the tent, leaving him master of the situation, to enjoy his night's prowling to his heart's content. Mother-Earth Camp, Kensington, N. H.

PLEA OF THE LONESOME CAT

By NELLIE M. COYE

I am a cat without a home,
And through the streets forlorn I roam.
I pick up food where'er I can,
From garbage pail to old tin can.
I used to have a cozy bed
In a nice box out in the shed.
But now 'most any place will do
For me to hide, and mew and mew.
Although in winter I'm a pet,
The ones who own me now forget,
While taking their vacation, that
They leave behind a lonesome cat
To roam the streets just like a tramp,
And to be treated as a scamp.

My fur which once was soft as silk,
When I was fed on nice sweet milk,
Is rough and coarse and matted, too,—
For, pray, what can a poor cat do,
Half starved, ill-treated, homeless, left
No other way except by theft
To get his living,—no place where
He may retire to dress his hair
In safety? Everybody knows
A cat who has a home, I s'pose.
But cats like me, brought up to know
Home comforts, then turned loose to go
Prowling around the summer through,—
My friends, does it occur to you
That when you your vacation take
Our honor and our health's at stake,
Unless you find for us a place
Where we may live without disgrace,
'Till, back from mountain and seashore,
You make for us a home once more?



CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE KNOWING SQUIRRELS

By H. H. JACOBS



MISS MARY OWENS of St. Joseph, Missouri, has fed and petted the squirrels that live in the trees of her yard, until they are quite tame. One of them will eat from her hand and come when she calls. She feeds the squirrels nuts cracked and placed in a small box, and the box in a tree.

She noticed that the blue jays were eating the nuts before the squirrels could get them. She had no objections to feeding these birds, but she placed food for them in another place and did not want the squirrels to be defrauded of theirs. So she tried this novel plan with success.

She brought the box of nuts as usual and, taking the tame squirrel on her lap, showed him the nuts inside of the box, then closed the lid. She did this twice, the squirrel watching, keen and alert. Then she opened the box, fed him one nut, and closed it again. She did this three times. The next day she took the tame squirrel again and showed him the closed box with nuts inside. He waited, looked at her half questioningly, half appealingly, then with nose and slender paws he opened the box and seized a nut. Miss Owens closed the lid, and this time the squirrel opened it without hesitation.

The next day the closed box was placed in the tree, the lid arranged so that it could easily be opened but would fall shut again. The tamest squirrel came first and opened it, the others looked on; then, one after another, they followed his example. So now they are fed and their food protected from those for whom it is not intended.

ST. FRANCIS AND THE PIGEONS

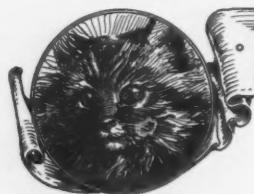
By SISTER M. FIDES SHEPPERSON



T. FRANCIS OF ASSISI, tender lover of life from highest to lowest, knew well the joyous secret of that mystic oneness of all life with God. The dog, the wolf, the rabbits, the pigeons, the fishes, the birds turned to him for protection, and he took their part, righted their wrongs, treated them fairly and kindly as his own little sisters and brothers.

That story of the Saint's rescue of a crate of pigeons has in it a Sleeping Beauty charm deathlessly young. For, moved to compassion by their helpless beauty, their mutely pleading eyes, their fluttering fears, the Saint bargained for them with the boy who was carrying them away to be sold in a distant market-place; and taking the crate from the boy he carried it in his arms to the monastery barn-yard and there liberating the pigeons he spoke to them in this wise: "Little sisters, here is food for you, and here a barn and large comfortable barn-yard and porches and low roofs; here you may have a home as long as you live; but if it seems best to you to return to the woods whence you were taken, if, perchance, your mate or your young wait you there—go; do what seems to you best."

And the grateful birds, joyous in release from the crowded crate, gathered at his feet, alighted on his arms and shoulders, pressed smooth iridescent heads against his cheeks, showered him with mute gratitude. Then some flew away to the distant wood—love and nest for them seemed best; whilst others remained and ever after made the monastery barn-yard their home.



MY KITTEN

By

MARGUERITE EARL MARTIN

You're a dainty little luxury, curled up for morning nap,
And I long to snuggle, love you, as you nestle in my lap,
I long to squeeze you, hug you, with a kiss or two, mayhap,
On tiny ear.

You're dainty now, but when aroused, the little claws will fly,
And at the sight of canine bold, there's murder in your eye.

I love you, kitty, for I know, you fight to win or die,
Without a fear.



You're a dainty little luxury, with your pretty padded paws,
Curled up in silent comfort, hiding sharpest needle-claws,
Your purr is reassuring, and without apparent cause,
Your temper is serene.

I love you, little kitten, as you take your evening bath,
I love you, as I watch you, steal softly down the path,
I love you as you sputter, in righteous kitten-wrath,
My Feline Queen.

THE SPIRIT OF SUMMER

By HELEN M. RICHARDSON

The cricket chirps down in the meadow,
The robin sings up in the tree;
And out on the blossom-decked hillside
Are roving the gnat and the bee;
While deep in the shade of the forest
The owl and the bat shun the light,
Not venturing forth from their eyrie
Till stars draw the curtain of night.
The spirit of summer broods over
The thicket and tangled morass,
Whence voices of wild things in hiding
Salute the unwary who pass.
The warm heart of nature is throbbing
With ecstasy rich and complete,
Like billowy tides of the ocean
As joyously shoreward they beat.
O Summer, fair Summer! what artist
Can paint, or what pen can essay
The wealth of thy sun-quickened forces
With magical charm to portray?
The earth is athrob with thy beauty;
Each flower-cup, each bird note declare
God's love in his handiwork showing,
Surrounding us everywhere.

RECEIPTS BY THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. FOR JUNE, 1913

Fines and witness fees, \$276.10.

Members and Donors

Mrs. L. N. Kettle, for man's faithful friend, the horse, \$100; Mrs. W. B. H. Dowse for horses' vacation, \$49; Town of Sudbury, \$47; "a friend," half for horses' vacation and half for summer watering, \$25; Commonwealth of Massachusetts, \$20; Jerome Jones, \$20; Miss Mary R. Elliott, \$10; "a friend of the horse," \$10; Mrs. Emma S. E. Cote, \$10; Ebed L. Ripley, \$10; Mrs. A. Emma Cummings, \$7; Mrs. H. Sargent, for horses' vacation, \$7; Mrs. M. H. Bancroft, for horses' vacation, \$3.50; Miss E. M. Webster, \$3; P. M. Kent, \$3; Henry T. Lewith, \$3; T. D. Thompson, \$1.50; E. J. Willard, \$0.50.

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Choate, E. O. Richards, A. S. Perkins, J. Pollard, J. C. Entwistle, Hughes & Kingston.

Total, \$671.50.

The American Humane Education Society, \$450.

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All others, \$201.50.

Total, \$326.64.

Sales of publications and ambulance receipts, \$269.50.

Total, \$1993.74.

RECEIPTS BY THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY FOR JUNE, 1913

Three friends, \$300; Miss Mary C. Yarrow, \$128.70; Estate of Miss Elizabeth F. Noble, \$92.50; W. B. Clarke Co., \$18.33; Dr. F. L. Poland, \$14; Humane Society, Kingston, Ont., \$11.71; Dr. Alice A. Robison, \$10; Mr. and Mrs. Edw. Fox Sainsbury, \$10; Idaho Library Commission, \$6.44; Mrs. Jennie Weller, \$6.33; Toronto Humane Society, \$5.30; Mrs. W. R. Northrup, \$3.10; Miss Fanny Alston, \$3; Miss E. M. Kinkaid, \$3; Gladys Christensen, \$2.33; Miss Eleanor J. Clark, \$2.15; Mrs. Carrie G. Hunter, \$2.08; Tioga Co. (N. Y.) Humane Society, \$2; R. D. M. Collie, \$2; an Illinois friend, \$1.83; American Humane Association, \$1.80; S. Adelaide Cole, \$1.65; Mrs. Aurelia H. Bonney, \$1.44; D. A. Haylor, \$1.37; Mrs. J. D. Robertson, \$1.30; Mrs. C. E. Prentiss, \$1.10; Rose Ingle, \$1.10; F. W. Cameron, \$1.05; Mrs. Lestina D. Mack, \$1; Mrs. M. Watson, \$1; Carrie A. Wise, \$1; Mrs. E. R. Lindergren, \$1; Mrs. J. A. Dean, \$1; E. M. Hodge, \$1; B. Kitching, 1.

Small sales of publications, \$53.58.

Our two Societies receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation, binding themselves to pay to the donors, so long as they shall live, a reasonable rate of interest upon the same, or an annuity for a sum agreed upon. The rate of interest will depend upon the age of the donor.

Many who have but a few thousand will be able by this arrangement to obtain a much better rate of interest than in any other way, and with absolute safety guaranteed. No legal contest, or attempt to break a will is possible with reference to money so given.

The President of the Societies solicits correspondence, asking for further details.

Our Dumb Animals

Founded by Geo. T. Angell in 1868

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President,
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor.

TERMS:

One dollar per year; clubs of five and over, 50 cents. Special price to teachers, 40 cents. Postage free to all parts of the United States.

Agents and societies are invited to correspond with us for terms on large orders. All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

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THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100 00	Associate Annual	\$5 00
Associate Life	50 00	Branch	1 00
Active Annual	10 00	Children's	1 00

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OFFICE OF THE SOCIETIES:

45 MILK STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS is the official organ of all our Societies.

ADVERTISING RATES sent upon application. Manuscripts and all communications intended for Our Dumb Animals should be addressed to the EDITOR, 45 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

HUMANE LITERATURE

Published by the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., is for sale at 45 Milk Street, Boston, at these prices, postpaid:

About the Horse

Black Beauty (English), cloth, 20 cents	paper	9 cts.
Italian or Swedish	paper	20 cts.
French or Modern Greek	paper	25 cts.
Spanish	paper	10 cts.
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How to Treat a Horse		.30 "
"Dovetrot's Way"		.30 "
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White star on blue ground, with gilt letters and border. Large, two cents each; small, one cent.		
Sterling silver stick pin		.30 cents
Badges, gold or silver finish, large, 8 cents; small, 5 cents		
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Figure 2
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Figure 3
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Figure 4
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